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thing for him. She was his daughter, so she was glad to do it, but my sister and I thought he was just an old man who sat and coughed and spit. He didn't like the Europeans or the black people either, and my father didn't either, and that is why we lived on the other side of the police zone. On one side were the police boys with camels—that was in the old days with the camel patrol [3]—and on the other side the lions and the Bushmen asked for your pass.

"One day my father went hunting and he was gone two days. Then my sister said: 'He must have shot a giraffe.' A giraffe is royal game, you know, and you can go to jail if you kill one, only my father didn't know it then.

"Yes, and that day two police boys came on camels and a white man on a camel. The police boys had a rifle and the white policeman had a rifle and a little gun in his hand. They had a Nurigaas Bushman walking with them, but he didn't come near us because he was ashamed. One police boy spoke the language of the Bushmen, and he said: 'Where is the old man who lives here?' and my mother pointed to my grandfather and she said: 'This is the one,' but the police boy said: 'Not that one, I want your husband. Where is he?' 'I don't know,' said my mother, but the police boy said: 'How can an old woman like you lie to me?' and my mother just covered up her face and said nothing. Then the police boy and the Nurigaas Bushman found my father's spoor off in the veld, and they all followed him with the police boy and the Nurigaas Bushman walking and the white man and the other police boy on the camels. Next morning they came back with my father, they had his hands tied behind and a rope around his neck and he was running behind the camel. His face was

[3] Until quite recently, the police who had occasion to go into the desert rode on camels because camels could endure desert conditions far better than horses, and could go through soft sand where trucks could not.

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all thick, you know, and he had to hold his head back because the rope was choking. My mother, she ran after the police boys and called them to stop. She said: 'I will speak with the old man before he dies.' But the police boys had no time and they went off with the camels' heads going up and down and the old man running, running, running, behind.

"And my mother fell down in the dust and cried, and my sister did too, but I didn't, I watched my father instead because I didn't know when I would ever see him again. I told them so and I was right, because later a Bushman who came up from the south told us that they rode the camels through a river and my father was drowned. It was the rope around his neck that choked him, though. That is what happened, and I remember it all, but it happened a long time ago.

"After that, my mother wouldn't stay in the veld without a man and she took us near the waterhole of Nurigaas because the veld was no place for us when my father was dead. But I would like to find that Nurigaas Bushman who followed my father's tracks.

"Then one day a European farmer came in his ox wagon and he said to my mother: 'Who will give me a boy for this pound of tobacco?' And my mother was afraid, so she took the tobacco and said to me: 'He wants you to go with him.' I cried, but the white man took me and put me in his ox wagon and gave my mother another cup of tobacco, but she told him she didn't want it and wanted me to come back. But the white man drove away and my mother ran along beside, crying. She said: 'Wait! Where will I get another boy when he is killed like my husband?' But the farmer didn't hear her. I got sick riding in the wagon and my bowels opened and I was ashamed because the farmer's Bushmen were riding in the wagon too, and they said: 'Why are you crying? Don't be afraid.' But I was afraid because my grandfather told me